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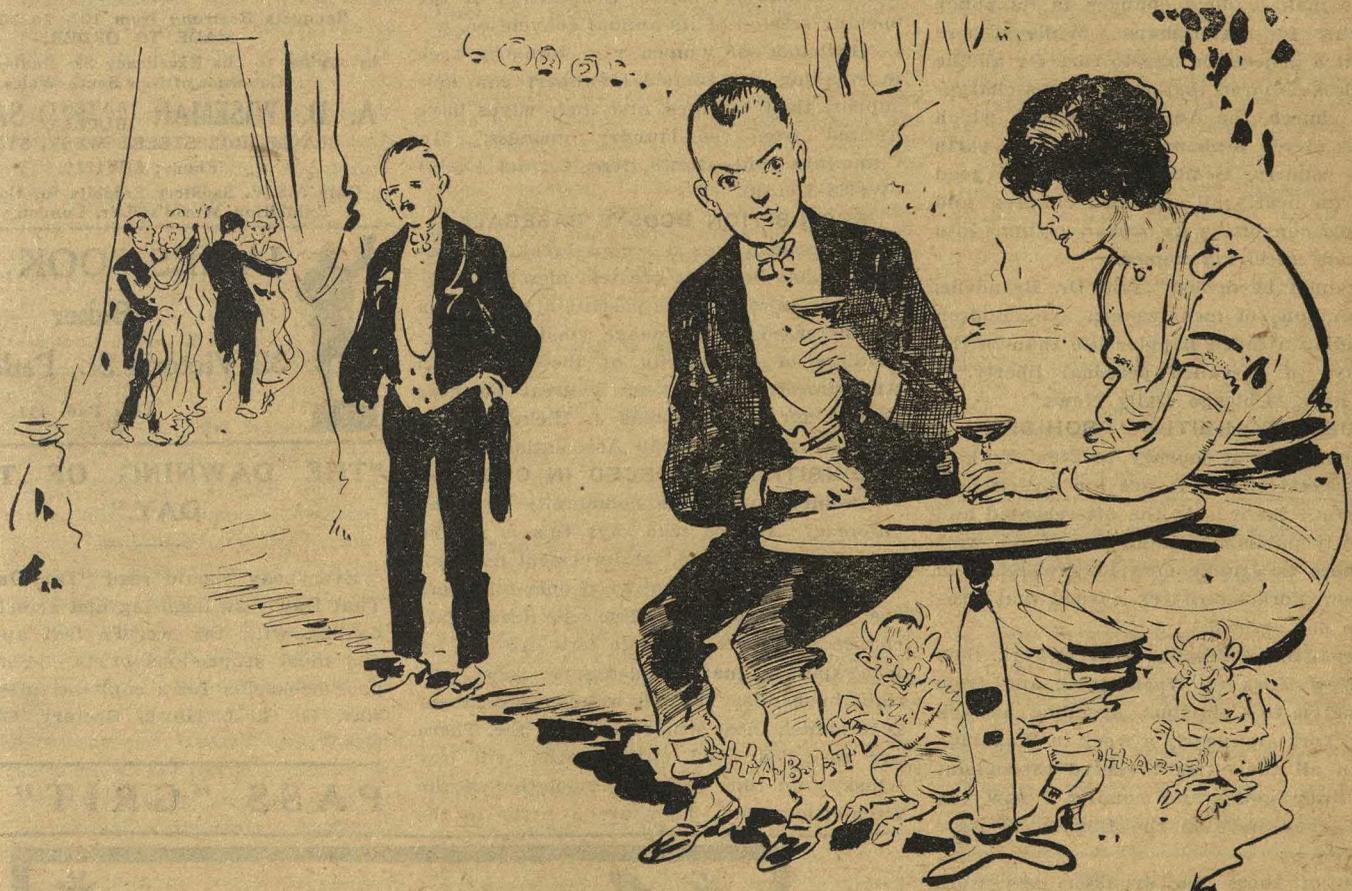
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

VOL. XVIII. No. 28.

Twopence.

SYDNEY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1924.

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FORGING THE CHAINS OF A FATAL HABIT.

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THE LAST WORD.

PROHIBITION JOKES.

"Directors of newspapers do all in your power to command the respect of all laws, to refuse to publish so-called wet jokes, to stand steadfastly together for the preservation of the American home, and to support the Constitution of the best country on earth.

"As moulders of public opinion mould that opinion so that our people will be turned to the church, their homes and will respect and revere the Stars and Stripes."—President, National Editorial Association.

ABOLITION OF SALOON HELD AID TO ORPHANS.

"The passing of the saloon has already produced a marked effect upon the social life of the nation," said Dr. A. C. Brandelle, of Rock Island, President of the Lutheran Augustana synod, in the report of the sixty-fifth annual convention of that body.

"Despite periods of financial depression, there is no poverty like the poverty of a generation ago," declared Mr. Brandelle.

As a result of this condition, he asserted, the Lutheran Church has found it necessary to make radical changes in its policy of caring for its orphans. While it was difficult a generation ago to care for all the parentless children that were left as charges of the church, the Augustana synod, which controls eleven orphanages in various parts of the country, is now able to find good homes for nearly all orphaned children, and is rapidly converting its orphan asylums into temporary receiving homes.

"It cannot be denied," said Dr. Brandelle, "that millions of men, women and children are leading a much happier life than in the old days of so-called personal liberty."—News item, "Chicago Daily News."

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

"Recently, on a journey to New York, I made special efforts to see for myself how much truth there is in the oft-repeated and frequently published statements of the wets that there is drunkenness everywhere, and that New York has never learned that Prohibition has arrived.

"I went from Columbus to New York, then from New York to Washington, and from Washington to Columbus, spending a week in New York and nearly a week in Washington. In all the cities I visited throughout the journey going and coming I saw ten drunks—they were in the Bowery of New York City.

"Nine of those ten drunken men were clearly men of foreign birth or the sons of foreign-born parents. Eight of the ten were men past middle life, running into sixties, and the other two were men closely approaching forty. They were all very drunk.

"I saw no intoxicated person on the trains on which I made my journey. I saw no person drinking liquor. I saw no liquor offered for sale. I saw no liquor advertising. I saw no liquor being transported. I saw places in New York's Bowery where, I am satisfied, liquor is sold, but there was no liquor on

display, or advertised. If it were bought or sold it was done clandestinely."—J. H. Larimore, of the World League Against Alcoholism.

JUDGE ENDORSES PROHIBITION.

"I believe the Eighteenth Amendment is sound in theory, and should not be repealed or modified. I readily concede that it is not being as rigidly enforced as it should be, but this is no reason for repealing the law. If the theory of any law is sound it should not be repealed because it is not enforced. No law can be continually enforced without public sentiment in its favor. The remedy for this lack of enforcement is not to repeal the law, but to create sentiment in its favor, and that should be the admitted duty of all good citizens."—Sam G. Bratton, Judge of Supreme Court of New Mexico.

FEWER WASHERWOMEN SINCE PROHIBITION.

The decreasing number of washerwomen was attributed to Prohibition here by A. W. Cummings, president of the National Laundry Association, speaking before the Four States Laundry Owners' Association at the opening session of its annual convention.

"Husbands of women who formerly took in washing for financial support can now support their families, and their wives have 'retired' from the laundry business," Mr. Cummings said.—News item, Omaha (Neb.) "World-Herald."

PROHIBITION BOOSTS BASEBALL.

"The season was a record-breaker. Prohibition has been the greatest blessing baseball ever enjoyed. The passing of the saloon has increased our patronage wonderfully. Regardless of the merits of the Eighteenth Amendment, it has been a great business booster for us."—Thomas J. Hickey, president, American Baseball Association.

PROHIBITION ENFORCED IN GEORGIA.

"Prohibition in this community is being enforced. Anyone who says this is not so is badly misinformed. Enforcement does not mean so much to the grown people, but there are little boys down the line who need a fair chance and there are little girls growing up who expect to marry and deserve sober, upright husbands. The only way to protect them is to punish those who violate the law. There are so-called good citizens who will buy whisky and thus encourage violation of the Prohibition law. They are a party to the

crime as much as the man who sells the liquor."—Judge John B. Hutcheson, Fulton County (Ga.) Superior Court.

PROHIBITION BENEFITS CHICAGO.

"The most gracious movement in America, begun fifty years ago by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has been Prohibition. When I was in Chicago as dean before we had Prohibition I could not start out on a tour of visitation without stumbling over a score of drunkards. You say Prohibition doesn't work. If that is so, it is because you do not see that public officials do their sworn duty. If you say that conditions are worse under Prohibition than before, you are either ignorant or you are saying what you know is not true.

"Some are raising a false issue about beer and light wine. Let me tell you that it was beer that caused all the troubles we used to have when I was in Chicago on the West Side. It was the powerful breweries that protected the saloons."—Walter T. Sumner, Bishop of Oregon of the Episcopal Church.

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WHY A DOUBTER GOES TO CHURCH.

Scepticism mumbling at the creeds and wearing the livery of heaven is a not infrequent paradox encountered in the churches, and the inconsistency passes without exciting much more attention than a nod of the head or a significant shrug of the shoulders. Yet there are those who find in the church and in its activities an outlet for what might be termed their natural religious bent or for their desire to do good and to live as closely as they can to the teachings of Him who they know at least taught a way of life, yet who are in doubt as to the cardinal tenets of the Christian religion. Their motives, it is pointed out, are good beyond question, and their influence helps often to keep the congregation compact and the pulpit aglow. Such a one, who frankly admits that he does not, and can not, subscribe to any creed, tells us in the "World's Work" why he goes to church and why he keeps alive his interest in its work. His story throws an interesting light on what sometimes serves to keep a human impulse alive and tells us how one can doubt and yet find no difficulty in conducting his life according to the cardinal virtues. Described as "an untired business man," the writer preserves his anonymity because he does not care to appear "unco guid." He is, we are told in an editorial note, an extremely busy man of much experience in human affairs in many parts of this country and abroad, and a man of wide reading and scholarly attainments. He is, we are assured again, not only a regular attendant at church, but also one of the most effective workers in the congregation of which he is an influential member.

Brought up in a Calvinist household, the anonymous writer in the "World's Work" thinks that his churchgoing habit "is or was primarily atavistic." He became habituated to the church, and although he began to dissent from the philosophy of Calvinism when he was very young, he feels that the religious atmosphere in which he grew up had a salubrious quality that helped him to withstand many temptations as he became older. About the time that he reached his majority Spencer, Huxley and Tyndall became the fashion. He thought that he had become convinced that the theology of Christianity and of Calvinism in particular were fallacies that were chiefly legendary in their origin. Now he is "no longer sure of anything in regard to matters transcendental," and, coming to realise the finiteness of his own comprehension, he has abandoned the effort to know what for him is unknowable. But he continues to go to church, and some of his friends and the editor of the "World's Work" ask him why. He replies:

"Well, aside from the fact that I acquired the church-going habit in my youth, my chief reason for not breaking myself of it is that I regard the Christian Church in its entirety—including both Catholics and Protestants—as the most effective organisation

society has as yet devised for the promotion of altruism and morality. Therefore I am glad to do what I can in my humble way to support it, and I feel that it is a duty to attend its services, although I am not confirmed, do not go to communion, and should be guilty of intellectual hypocrisy if I repeated the Creed or joined in the petitions or declarations of the Prayer Book.

"To those who may regard me as inconsistent because I try to support an organisation that stands for a philosophy to which I do not assent, I answer with Emerson that consistency is a weakness of the narrow-minded and that I have about come to the conclusion that Christianity is a mode of life rather than a system of theology. I am not certain that there is either a heaven or a hell. I am neither a fundamentalist nor a modernist.

"Such questions concern me not at all, but I believe that the world with which I am acquainted has been made a better place by the advent of Jesus Christ; that since He appeared and His teachings began to be heeded, even imperfectly, men and women have become less cruel and more kind; that the hospitals and asylums that have come into being for the amelioration of human misery were unknown prior to the Christian era; and that if I wanted help I would be more likely to get it from a Christian than a pagan.

"Of course I know that there are crooks in the church as well as out of it, but my experience has been that the men and women who call themselves Christians usually live self-respecting lives, and I have generally found them honest, fair, and considerate in their dealings. In saying this I would not imply that there are no honest men outside the church, for there are many; but I think that few will deny that the conspicuously trusted men in Europe and America are oftenest identified with some church or synagogue.

"And so I say to myself that it is my duty to do what I can to give vitality to an institution which makes its adherents good citizens, good husbands, good wives and good parents.

"I would not, however, give the impression that in acting upon this view I am in any great degree inspired by an altruistic purpose.

"Naturally I am glad to do what I can to make the world better, but like most men I want it made better for me.

"Therefore I should be uncandid if I did not explain that my willingness to support the church and attend its services springs in part from the belief that it helps to keep my employees honest and to make my children obey the Fifth Commandment; that it inspires others with a willingness to help me as I hope it inspires me with a desire to be helpful when I can."

The sceptic churchman has been told, he says, that the church is on the wane, and some have said, he tells us, that the church's decline is largely due to the influence of men like himself who question the church's power to save souls for all eternity and regard it simply as a beneficent social organisation for the promotion of honesty, charity and morality. He can not deny that this may be true, and wishes he could be certain that it is not. For, he goes on—and there is a touch of melancholy in his recital:

"I crave the faith of my parents, who seemed to feel as certain of a life hereafter,

of a personal God and a personal Devil, as they were of what had happened yesterday.

"But that sort of faith has been made impossible for me by the scientific philosophy of the day, and by my inability to reconcile the pain and suffering and brutality of humanity with the Christian theory of an omnipotent, omniscient and benignant God.

"I feel no certitude with regard to the hereafter. I have no consciousness of a God personal or impersonal; and the only Devil with whom I have any acquaintance is the one within me that I have never been able to exercise.

"But I will admit that my inability to believe in a life beyond the grave does not disprove its existence. In his oration over the body of Lawrence Barrett, a distinguished tragedian of the last century, Robert Ingersoll described the actor's life as a drama of seven acts. When he ended his description of the last act he said: 'And so the curtain falls; will it ever rise again? Reason says perhaps, while hope still answers yes.'

"Searching my own heart I think I may add that the 'perhaps' of an eternity is one of the reasons why I go to church and keep on trying, but trying unsuccessfully, to lead a Christian life and to believe in what the church teaches.

"The odds are so enormously in my favor. A little effort to live cleanly, to do justice, to love mercy and to apply the golden rule, a few hours at church each week, and a willingness to help when help is needed are such infinitesimally small things to stake against a possible eternity of happiness that I would be a fool not to make the wager. It is a case in which I have nothing to lose and am still a gainer even though I lose.

"For in the atmosphere of the church I find a stimulus which increases my efficiency in work and makes my life happier even though I am not sure that when I sleep I shall ever wake again."

Take it at once and contagion cheat,
Take it diluted or take it neat,
Take it for croup and take it for cold,
Take it before worse phases unfold,
Take it for common "cold in the head,"
Steaming hot when going to bed,
Always take Woods' Peppermint Cure,
Take it for coughs and relief assure.

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Paper Lanterns, 9in., at 7/6; 12in., at 10/6 doz.
Balloons, 6in., at 9d.; 9in., at 2/6 doz.
Garlands, 9ft., at 7/6 doz.

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Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 28.

11 a.m.: Presbyterian Church, Bathurst.
3 p.m.: Dennis Island Methodist Church.
7.15 p.m.: Methodist Church, Bathurst.
Rev. Henry Worrall.

11 a.m.: Anglican Cathedral, Bathurst.
3 p.m.: Children's Service, Bathurst.
7.15 p.m.: St. Paul's Mission Church,
Bathurst.
Mr. Charles W. Chandler.

11 a.m.: South Bathurst Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Perthville Methodist Church.
7.15 p.m.: Baptist Church, Bathurst.
Ex-Senator David Watson.

11 a.m.: Kelso Anglican Church.
3 p.m.: Parish Appointment.
7.15 p.m.: South Bathurst Anglican Church.
Mr. Charles E. Still.

11 a.m.: Church of England, Campsie.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

Sunday Rally and Demonstration of
Affiliated Temperance Organisations, who
are requested to wear regalia.

7 p.m.: Enmore Tabernacle Church of
Christ, Metropolitan-rd., Enmore.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

PUBLIC MEETINGS—REV. HENRY WORRALL.

Monday, Sept. 29—Church of England Parish
Hall, Bathurst.
Wednesday, Oct. 1—Town Hall, Blayney.
Thursday, October 2—Orange.
Monday, October 6—Oddfellows' Hall, Wel-
lington.
Tuesday, Oct. 7—Protestant Hall, Dubbo.
Wednesday, October 8—Town Hall, Narro-
mine.
Monday, Oct. 13—Coronation Hall, Bondi
Junction.
Tuesday, Oct. 14—Roseville Hall, Roseville.
Wednesday, Oct. 15—Victoria Hall, Manly.
Thursday, Oct. 16—Town Hall, Randwick.
Monday, Oct. 20—Cowra.
Tuesday, Oct. 21—Young.
Wednesday, Oct. 23—Murrumburrah.
Monday, Oct. 27—Wagga.
Tuesday, Oct. 28—Junee.
Thursday, Oct. 30—Albury.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Address all correspondence re Bands of
Hope, Y.P. Societies and the "New Day"
Crusade to W. H. Mitchell, Director of Y.P.
Department, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street,
Sydney (Phone, City 8944).

We mentioned something of the work
among the youth of New South Wales, as
embodied in the report presented to the
fourth National Conference of Australian
Band of Hope and Young People's Temper-
ance Union, in last issue of "Grit." We now

AUSTRALIAN PROHIBITION COUNCIL.

Commonwealth Platform Representative

Rev. HENRY WORRALL

is conducting a N.S.W. Tour, and
will conduct Public Meetings

IN

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
PARISH HALL
BATHURST
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th

TOWN HALL
BLAYNEY
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1st
8 P.M.

RYLSTONE
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th
8 P.M.

PUBLIC MEETING
ORANGE.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2nd

Rev. H. Worrall during the last
two years has traversed over
50,000 miles outside of Australia,
and has seen much of many lands.
From his personal experience
and firsthand information, Aus-
tralia's Prohibition Champion has
built up a most inspiring and con-
vincing message which will com-
mand your attention.

Hear Rev. Henry Worrall in your
District.

Admission is Free. Collection.

proceed to give a summary of work done in
other parts of the Commonwealth.

Tasmania, where the work is under the
care of the Young People's Department of
the Tasmanian Prohibition League, reports
that considerable effort has been put forth
by the workers. There are twenty Bands of
Hope and twelve Junior Rechabite Tents
associated, with a total membership of ap-
proximately 740. Only junior Societies not
definitely "temperance," but including temper-
ance teaching in their syllabus, are linked up
with the Department. An examination in
"Scientific Temperance" has been held in the
State schools this year. A pledge-signing
campaign was conducted in the Sunday
schools. Miss Jean Andrews is still in charge
of the work, and is rendering splendid ser-
vice in the cause of youth.

South Australia.—This State reports a year
of continued progress. The number of Bands
of Hope now stands at 124, an increase of
25 since last report, while the membership
has advanced from 6000 to 7000. It is worth
noting that 72 of these Societies are in the
country centres. The musical and elocu-
tionary competitions were a gratifying suc-
cess, there being 141 entries. The "New
Day" Crusade has been launched, and has
been taken up keenly in some centres.
Much of the success is due to Mr. Albert
Keeling, the able Secretary, supported by a
very loyal and enthusiastic Executive Com-
mittee.

DRINK AND THE OLYMPIC SPORTS.

Sir,—Every night by wireless the general
public has been informed that Prohibition
America and Prohibition Finland have car-
ried off the chief prizes at the great Olympic
sports in Paris.

To-day the press gives the national placing
as follows: America, 255; Finland, 166; Great
Britain, 85½; and France, 26½. It has been
declared by competitors of the first two na-
tions that the drinking of alcoholic liquors
is fatal to athletes.

In my boyhood days I often heard about
managers of prize fights, for instance, who
refused to permit any kind of alcoholic
liquors to the competitors during the period
of their training.

Later in life I came to discover that cham-
pions in walking, running, rowing, shooting,
cricket and other sports were either total
abstainers or refused to drink intoxicating
liquors while in training.

If the arduous task of winning the world's
championships can be done on a diet which
excludes alcoholic liquors, then surely the
simpler work of the everyday world would
be more easily and better performed if car-
ried out on the same principle.—Yours, etc.,

GUY HAYLER,
President, World Prohibition
Federation.

Southnorwood Park, London, S.E.,
July 15, 1924.

WOMEN KNEEL IN PRAYER.

One hundred and ten women, delegates and alternates to the Democratic National Convention, celebrated Independence Day by one of the most remarkable demonstrations which any national assembly has ever evoked. For fifteen minutes while New York made holiday they knelt in the great reception room of McAdoo headquarters praying for courage and fortitude to keep up the fight for what they deemed the righteousness of their cause.

Without any prearranged plan the women, all of them supporters of McAdoo, had come together in anticipation of their return to Madison Square Garden, where the balloting was to be resumed immediately after noon. A few had made impromptu talks, declaring they were ready to stay all summer, if stay be needed for victory.

A woman began to sing that song a woman wrote in another crusade, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Women old and young from Georgia and Florida, women from Texas and Tennessee, women wearing the sunflower of Kansas, women from the plains and mountains of the West, women from California and women from New Hampshire joined in the verse. And how they sang it!

Before the new war of dry against wet, sectional lines, lasting even through the world war, have gone down. Daughters of men who wore the Blue linked arms with daughters of men who wore the Gray. They were not North, not South, but women fighting a common enemy as they chanted:

"In the glory of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom which transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
His cause is marching on."

Then with the suddenness of consummate stagecraft or of zealous inspiration a woman went down on her knees, and lifted her voice, a quavering old voice, in prayer.

"God, give us strength," she prayed.

A younger woman took up her words. Woman after woman followed as men, veterans of many a political campaign, crowded into the doorways, stricken by wonder over this most amazing spectacle.

"I've been through every Convention of the Democratic Party since I cast my first vote in the eighties, and I've never even heard anything like this at any one of them," said a leader from Missouri, with fervent astonishment.

"If the women take politics like this," a former Governor of Virginia whispered, "we might just as well go back to our farming. We can't stay in the game with them on these terms."

"It's a children's crusade," said a great lawyer from Nebraska. "They're setting out for a Jerusalem of faith without even a leader. They may not get there, but their going will light the torch for those who will."

"Keep up your courage for this battle which is before us," a high, clear voice prayed on. "Let us not falter. Let us not grow weary in body. Give us, oh, mighty and eternal God, the grace to hold high our banners, to do Thy will. Amen."

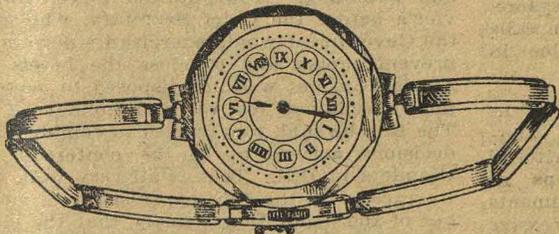
Solemnly, when their prayer was done, they marched out of the hotel, still singing Julia Ward Howe's hymn. Down Park Avenue they went, four abreast, with no music but their own voices, till they came to the doors of Madison Square.

Such must have been the spirit of those women who went through Ohio years gone by, kneeling in the streets before the saloons. Out of their praying came two constitutional amendments, the Eighteenth and Nineteenth.—Mary Synon, in Chicago "Herald-Examiner."

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INGLIS PURE SOLUBLE COCOA
INGLIS GRANUMA PORRIDGE MEAL
INGLIS BAKING POWDER
GREER'S HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

and to enable you to begin the collection of coupons now and from present stocks certain labels from packets, tins, and bottles will be accepted as coupons. When present stocks are exhausted they will be replaced with coupon labels attached.

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where you can have forenoon or afternoon tea with us, free of cost, and have the new system fully explained to you.

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CIVIC AUTHORITIES AND THE ARTISTS.

DRUNKEN TERRITORIALS AT LIVERPOOL CAMP AND WHAT A GENERAL CALLS EXAGGERATION.

DO THE BREWERS SUBSIDISE LABOR?—THE ANZAC DAY POLICY.

Reduction Joke.—Macquarie Cafe Again Raided.—Publican Castigated by a Coroner.

CARRICK'S REPORT.

Once again must we revert to the unsavory subject of the Artists' Ball at the Town Hall. We are afraid that the disgraceful incidents of that affair are already fading from the public mind and have failed to make anything like the deep impression they ought to have done on the public conscience. For the newspapers it was just a nine days' wonder which now has ceased to possess any news value, and so it has been dropped, and all the show of righteous indignation it evoked proves to have been nothing more than show. What newspaper to-day is conducting a vigorous campaign to purge the city of the terrible licentiousness this ball disclosed or to ensure that our civic life shall not be further outraged by any public repetition of the scenes which recently sullied the Town Hall? Newspapers do conduct vigorous campaigns, but not one Sydney newspaper has thought it worth while to do so in this connection. The report sent to the City Council by its own official chief of staff, Mr. Martin Carrick, has passed almost unnoticed, and we have failed to discover any such indication of drastic action as the circumstances appear to warrant. Yet Mr. Carrick's report is the gravest indictment of the civic authorities we have yet read.

PREVIOUS WARNINGS UNHEEDED.

The most disquieting feature of the report in question is that it discloses the fact that warnings issued by Mr. Martin Carrick in his reports on previous Artists' Balls passed almost unheeded. "You will remember," he writes, "that on the occasion of the first Artists' Ball on August 28, 1922, I submitted a report in which I instanced the serious trouble consequent upon the bringing on to the premises of unlimited supplies of liquor, and the grave danger resultant from smoking on the premises. I suggested that the Council frame regulations prohibiting the use of alcohol at similar functions; also that all such functions should terminate at 1 a.m. I then further suggested that notices be placed in conspicuous parts of the building prohibiting the dangerous nuisance of smoking in the Town Hall, as is the rule at all theatres and public halls. The only reply I received to those warnings and suggestions was to the effect that I should do my best to stop smoking."

THE CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE.

It is a curious circumstance that the portion of Mr. Carrick's report quoted above was omitted from every Sydney newspaper with the exception of the "Labor Daily," which alone printed the report in full. It would seem that a desire existed to suppress evidence of the culpable negligence of the City Council in the past. Previous Artists' Balls were bad enough, in all conscience, and what happened at them was not unknown to the City Council. Yet that body, which ought to take a lively concern in upholding a high standard of civic morality, appears to have done nothing to

prevent the recurrence of scandalous behaviour. By inaction in the past, the City Council made itself indirectly responsible for the impunity with which public decency was outraged at the recent ball, and yet all Mr. Carrick's latest report has evoked is a reference of the conditions governing the letting of the Town Hall to a sub-committee with a view to their modification. No official resolution of protest and condemnation of the uses to which the Town Hall was put has proceeded from our city fathers; no prohibition of Artists' Balls has issued from the Council Chamber. If this is a reliable indication of the moral sensitiveness of our civic conscience, Sydney is in a bad way. The worst excesses of Roman society, as portrayed by Juvenal, are outmatched by the recent orgies at the Town Hall, and all we do is to mouth a few conventional platitudes and pass on.

TRAINEES AT LIVERPOOL.

The annual training camps for territorials are now in full swing at Liverpool Camp. Although we hate war, we are by no means opposed to military training, nor are we peace-at-any-price men. It seems to us that military training is capable of developing physique and qualities of character which make for good citizenship. We are uneasy about the Liverpool camp, however. Stories have appeared in the press lately about excessive drinking and other disorderly conduct amongst the young trainees there, and if these be true, the conditions described must render military training worse than useless by destroying all the benefits which, under an efficient system of discipline, might be expected to accrue. The press stories have provoked the usual official denials, and we have been told that there has been gross exaggeration. We were told the same thing about the Artists' Ball, but subsequent reports showed that the facts had been understated rather than exaggerated. There is rarely smoke without fire. The newspapers are not hostile to our military system and are not likely to seek to discredit it. Nor are they hostile to the liquor traffic—far from it. The motives which might induce them to exaggerate, therefore, are absent. We think that the position calls for close investigation. The discipline in these camps is altogether too lax.

A WORD WITH GENERAL BRAND.

General Brand is the officer who controls the territorial training camps at Liverpool, and he has expressed sentiments concerning the alleged rioting and excessive drinking which do not suggest that he takes as serious a view of the position as he ought to. In one statement he said that the military authorities could not be blamed for the drunkenness of a trainee before he assembled on parade. Section 123 of the Defence Act, while imposing a heavy penalty on those providing liquor in camp to trainees or cadets in uniform, did not prevent the sale of liquor to uniformed members of the citizen forces when not in camp. He hoped

the honor of the A.I.F. uniform would be sufficient in most cases to deter drunkenness. Subsequently, General Brand seems to have lent his official authority to the view that only two trainees out of 2500 had been drunk, and he said this: "The grossly exaggerated reports of trivial incidents and minor breaches of discipline, which in pre-war camps would have passed unnoticed and dealt with by commanding officers, are now referred to as riots. This attitude is portion of the anti-universal training, anti-defence propaganda, and is being treated by the Defence Department with the contempt it deserves." We may as well tell General Brand that there has been no gross exaggeration and that his contemptuous references to pre-war camps and to alleged hostility are unseemly and entirely beside the point.

LABOR AND BOOZE.

Mr. J. Garden has got himself into hot water by asserting that the A.L.P. has been suborned by the brewers. He declared that a large sum of money had been subscribed by the brewers to the A.L.P. just before the last State Labor Conference. Immediately an indignant disclaimer was issued by Mr. O'Halloran, Secretary of the Parliamentary Labor Party, who described Mr. Garden's statement as "a deliberate and malevolent attack." But Mr. Garden sticks to his guns. "I do not contend," he says, "that the liquor interests officially assisted the present members of the A.L.P. Executive in their attack on the industrialists at the last Labor Conference. There is, however, the best of reasons for believing that the money that was so readily available for securing the attendance of certain delegates to the Conference, and for even more disreputable purposes, was lavishly provided by brewing interests in anticipation of future favors from the A.L.P. I need no assurance that the books of the Executive will show no record of such transactions, but I do say that this money was given to the party during the stress of political campaigns, and there can be no possible justification for the using of brewery or any other party funds for the purpose of 'packing' a Labor Conference."

ANZAC DAY OBSERVANCE.

Last week we directed attention to the objectionable features of the Bill introduced by the Government to make Anzac Day a public holiday, and said that unless it was to be made a close holiday after the manner of Good Friday it would be better that the Government should take no action at all. It is offensive to the good sense and feelings of large numbers of people that this day should merely furnish, under legislative enactment, a further opportunity for racing, drinking and gambling. A deputation placed these views before the Chief Secretary, who said the Government would exercise its powers to prevent racing and to close the hotels on Anzac Day, but was not disposed to make a purely religious festival and holiday of it. The Bill, he said, was framed to comply with decisions arrived at at the conference of Premiers in 1921. That is all very well, but we agree with the view expressed by a member of the deputation, namely, that the closing of hotels and the suspension of racing should not be left to the mere discretionary power of the Government, but should be made compulsory for all time by law. Mr. Oakes thought the Government ought not to be bound down too tightly in such matters, but finally said he would see if the closing of hotels on Anzac Day could be made compulsory by law. We are still in doubt as to how Anzac Day will be observed in future.

(Continued on next page.)

MOST NOURISHING AND HEALTH-GIVING :

**Griffiths Bros.'
SIGNAL COCOA**

THE REDUCTION JOKE.

Last week we directed attention to the plaintive wail of manufacturers of wine over what they are pleased to describe as the arbitrary action of the Licenses Reduction Board in closing up a number of wine bars. These vinous "friends" of the soldier vigneron (who said "Doradillas"?) tried, it will be remembered, to make out a case of hardship for the grower by stating that they would not be able to take as large a supply of grapes for wine making as formerly now that so many wine bars were closed. Even they had not sufficient hide to suggest that the wine-maker would suffer any hardship. As a matter of fact, of course, nobody need suffer hardship. The dispossessed wine-bar keepers receive heavy compensation, and the consumption of wine shows no diminution. The distillers and the wine-makers take advantage of the situation to lower their prices for grapes after having stimulated over-production for their own ends, or they ask the Government to foot part of the bill with a subsidy. A correspondent who sends us some information about a new wine bar rightly describes the reduction business as a joke. It is a joke. It just enhances the value of the remaining licenses; that's all.

IN PROOF WHEREOF.

In proof whereof, consider the information about the new wine bar just mentioned. As we do not believe in advertising the liquor business in "Grit," we shall refrain from mentioning names. The new bar in question has been opened in a busy city thoroughfare as an adjunct to a fish business! It has been fitted up "regardless," which does not suggest that the liquor trade is moribund or afraid to invest large capital in extending its enterprise. The new bar is described as a "luxuriously fitted wine parlor with large seating accommodation," and it would seem that it is intended to "mop up" the trade in that locality which formerly went to recently-closed wine bars not many yards away. If that does not justify the suggestion that reduction is a joke, what will? It is understood that the proprietors paid no less than £3000 for the lease of this place, and that to finance the undertaking they were furnished with a loan of £3000 by one of the leading wine-making firms in Australia. At the same time we notice from the newspapers that tenders are being called for the extension of the Katoomba wine cafe. It is to be lengthened 40 feet, no doubt to cope with the dim-

inished trade due to the "arbitrary" action of the Licenses Reduction Board.

RECHABITES STAND FIRM.

Recently we directed attention to official resolutions endorsed by the Methodist Church defining their attitude towards the liquor evil and demanding a referendum at the earliest opportunity whilst repudiating the fatal and unjust principle of monetary compensation. Further evidence continues to accumulate to show that this is the policy of all opponents of the liquor traffic. At the conclusion of the 40th annual meeting of the Rechabites of New South Wales the following resolution was adopted: "That this meeting of the Independent Order of Rechabites expresses its unswerving determination to continue its advocacy of the prohibition of the liquor traffic without compensation; that candidates at the next State election be asked to vote for a referendum providing for State and electoral option without money compensation; the referendum to be decided by a simple majority vote; the poll to be held within 12 months of the election. That the provisions of the Local Option Act be again made operative, but so amended that the decision be on the democratic principle of a simple majority vote, and with the elimination of the reduction issue."

MACQUARIE AGAIN RAIDED.

For contemptuous defiance of the law the behaviour of the proprietors of the Macquarie Cafe would be hard to beat. Once again—the third time this year—that notorious rendezvous has been raided by the police and a large quantity of liquor has been confiscated. No doubt this liquor will be sold again by the police in due course at sixpence per bottle. We mention this so that our readers may save up their money and buy some. In the present case, two men, William Henry Sagers and John Pregnall, were arrested and charged at the Central Police Court. It appears that dancing was in full swing at the cafe when the police, amid scenes of intense excitement, took charge of the place, and soon a large crowd of five or six hundred people had assembled. A large body of uniformed men was requisitioned to control the crowd and a passage way from the entrance of the restaurant to the door of the waggon was formed, the police making an arm-in-arm barricade. Sagers and Pregnall were ushered into the waggon and the periodical appearance of plain-clothes men carrying bundles of beer,

wine and spirits was greeted with ironical cheers from the gathered multitude. About five dozen bottles of beer were confiscated and a goodly quantity of spirits and wine.

DEATH DUE TO DRINK. It is not often that a Coroner directly censures a publican and accuses him of moral responsibility for a man's death, but that is what happened last week at Broken Hill when Mr. G. A. Stevenson, District Coroner, returned a verdict of accidental death at the inquest on Philip Norman Rayner, who died after falling from a sulky on August 25. The Coroner referred in strong terms to the conduct of Harold Richards, licensee of the Newmarket Hotel, where Rayner had drink prior to falling out of his sulky. The Coroner said that he entertained no doubt that the death of accused was due to the circumstance that the deceased had become intoxicated. "I am of opinion," he added, "that Richards, the licensee of the Newmarket Hotel, although not criminally responsible, is morally responsible for the death of this man. He acted in a most brutal and callous manner. I direct the police to bring the depositions under the notice of the inspector, so that any action shall be taken against Richards which should be taken. In my opinion, Richards has committed perjury."

BLAMING THE WAR.

Blaming the war for present misfortune has had a good innings and has helped to cover a multitude of sins—almost as many as shell shock. But that cock won't fight any more. Magistrates are becoming quite unsympathetic towards the returned soldier who pleads in 1924 that he has not been able to get a decent job since he returned from the front. It is about time some stand of this sort were taken. Every soldier capable of working has had ample opportunity to re-establish himself, and those genuinely incapacitated are being cared for. In any case, misfortune is no justification for passing valueless cheques, as Joseph Goldberg, a foreigner, found out the other day when he was sent to jail for two years. Judge Bevan told him that if he ever appeared before the Court again he might run the risk of being declared an habitual criminal. "I see men like you day after day," said the Judge, "who can't keep their hands from other people's property, and they do it because they can't abstain from liquor."

ONE DAY'S DRINK.

Some time ago we gave some account of a human sponge. The other day another sponge came under public notice at the Glebe Police Court when Mr. Camphin, S.M., sent him to jail for fourteen days for being in unlawful possession of 48 pairs of socks at Leichhardt. The sponge in question rejoices in the name of John Joseph Kenny, and when a constable asked him how he came to be in possession of the said socks, he seemed to be tongue-tied. In the Court proceedings which followed it was proved that the property had been stolen from a cart in Leichhardt, and Kenny, under cross-examination, was obliged to confess that he had had quite a lot of drink on the fatal day. He admitted having started away from home with three-pence. During the day, he said, he had imbibed 25 long beers and had also helped another man to consume nine bottles of beer. After that he went to fetch more liquor, and when the constable met him he was "a bit drunk." The prosecuting sergeant asked him if it was possible for him to become properly drunk. His answer was that "it might be." It won't be for some time to come.

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

A Personal Chat with my readers

WHY THEY ADVERTISE.

Did you ever ask yourself why you get the paper for twopence and the advertiser may be paying from ten shillings to a couple of pounds for his copy?

You are getting some facts. He is getting some business.

He will get tired if no business comes his way, just as my readers get tired if their interest is not sustained.

Have you ever put any business in the way of one of our advertisers? If not, you have lost your very best, cheapest and easiest way to keep "Grit," which is essential to the progress of Prohibition.

A man who is said to have built up a yearly retail business of 1,250,000 dollars in twelve years in a city of 75,000 explains (Ribbon and Seal) that there is no such thing as an "advertising campaign," unless you want to admit that there is such a thing as a "breathing campaign," or a "bathing campaign." You can stop breathing and let your lungs rest, but more of you will be soon at rest than your lungs. Just so with advertising. It goes on all the time; your advertising or your competitor's advertising. You can make a short, special drive in some city if you are a manufacturer or retailer, and you can call that a campaign, but the bread-and-butter advertising which you do for a living cannot be defined by any such words.

Advertising has been likened to a stage facing a vast audience. At its entrance stands a guard taking toll. It costs less for one whisper than for one good yell. Some buy only whispers, and the audience barely hears their message. Advertising is nothing more than the potential behind a purchasable license to "speak" in ink to a selected audience. It is Opportunity, spelled with a capital "O," not white paper. As someone has said, "It is much easier to think (of advertising) in figures that have dollar marks in front of them than to think in figures that stand for people, for time, for duration, for space and for geography. But the latter is the more accurate way.

The audience that never responds soon kills those facing it.

PUT YOUR WILL INTO IT.

A prayer is just a wish with your will behind it. An accomplishment is just a longing with your will behind it.

The Bible says, "Whatsoever you do, do heartily." This is, put your will behind it.

Be wilful for God and you will soon count for something in the scheme of things.

Edgar A. Guest has said all this wonderfully well in this little poem:

Will power baffles the wisest men.
They can measure the force of steam,
They can reckon and count to the last amount

The strength of an iron beam;
They can tell you the load that a horse can pull,

And the work that a pump will do;
But no one on earth can compute the worth
Or the strength of the will of you.

They can reckon in pounds what your arms can lift,

But master you still remain,
For they cannot say, though you fall to-day,
That you never can rise again.

For a subtle, mysterious power you hold
Which never the eye can see,
And no one can tell, though he knows you well,

The man you have willed to be.
Will power isn't a piston blow,
Nor the throb of an engine's wheel,
It's a subtle force from a living source
Which the trials of life reveal.

It's what you do 'neath the tug and strain,
And it's whether you're false or true,
It's how do you fight when you know you're right,

And it's all that there is to you.
It isn't your face that shall make you fair,
And it isn't your strong right hand.

It isn't your grin when you're sure to win,
But whether the strain you stand.
And the man which you face in your looking-glass,

And the man which your fellows see,
Through the lines of care and the smile you wear,

Is the man you have willed to be.

A very dear friend, who has enriched me in many ways, and never more than by his cheery optimism, writes as follows:

"I am in my seventy-seventh year, and I am sane enough to know that human machinery was not built to last forever. I am thankful for the health that I have had, and have no disposition to rail at my present condition. I was hoping to be useful to some few things for a few more years, and perhaps may be. Who knows? Whatever happens is under God's care, and I am content.

"Now, about yourself. That I have not written to you for a shamefully long time is no evidence that I have forgotten you. If, by chance, thought of me could come into your memory as often as thought of you comes into mine, I should be puffed up with gratification. However, that cannot be. I receive your weekly 'Grit,' which means that I come into contact with some aspects of your mind regularly—and to my advantage. I greatly value 'Grit.' Whatever of the many publications which I receive goes unread, 'Grit' gets read with

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
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Office: N.S.W. Alliance, Macdonell House,
321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1924.

thoroughness and avidity, and it never gets thrown away, but is always passed on. No one in my household would think of destroying 'Grit.' We find plenty of material for fire-kindling without sacrilege of that kind. My congratulations upon, and my sincere thanks for, 'Grit.' Long may it live, and long may its editor continue doing the splendid work of which it is the medium. You understand I have regular reason for thinking of you and of rejoicing in the gifts God gave you and the grace which prompts you to spend these gifts in such magnificent outlay. God bless you always."

These are soul-stirring words and comfort-giving, and no man is poor who has such a friend.

OUR UNUSED WEALTH.

The friends we never see are like the money we never use—just deferred happiness. Why live like a miser when you might live luxuriously?

Keep your friendships in repair, visit them, write to them every once in a while.

Keep your bank account moving, disturb it every once in a while—don't leave too much of it for others to quarrel over or to spend foolishly.

Around the corner I have a friend, in the great city that has no end,

Yet days go by and weeks rush on, and before I know it a year is gone;

And I never see my old friend's face, for life is a swift and terrible race.

He knows I like him just as well as in the days when I rang his bell

And he rang mine. We were younger then, and now we are busy, tired men—

Tired with playing a foolish game, tired with trying to make a name,

"To-morrow," I say, "I will call on Jim, just to show that I'm thinking of him."

But to-morrow comes and to-morrow goes, and the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner—yet miles away. "Here's a telegram, sir." "John died to-day!"

And that's what we get and deserve in the end—around the corner a vanished friend.

The Editor

"GOOD AND BAD LIQUOR."

A GREAT CHEMIST RIDICULES POPULAR FALLACIES.

WHISKY AS FATAL AS "MOONSHINE."

By CHARLES D. HOWARD, Chemist, New Hampshire State Board of Health, in New York "Times," 15/6/24.

A certain post-Volstead newspaper philosopher has remarked that "When hooch kills a man, it is news; years ago, when a man died of alcoholism, it was a personal matter between the victim and his undertaker."

I think it is to the credit of the chemical profession that in but extremely few instances can the responsibility for the lurid statements with which the press has teemed since the enactment of the Volstead law be traced to its members. In this connection many chemists who have given the matter material study will be inclined to join in the query of that veteran food chemist and sanitarian, Dr. Henry Leffman. Writing in a recent number of the "American Journal of Pharmacy," Dr. Leffman refers to the deluge of newspaper reports claiming deaths from "poison rum" and inquires: "Where are the analyses?"

In his home city of Philadelphia alone it is stated on the authority of the Coroner there were last year many deaths due to such liquors, and yet apparently not a single analysis has been offered in substantiation of that claim. And as analysis will show whether or not such claims are true, he rightly argues that if such evidence is known to the authorities it should be made public property.

Yet the view concerning the deadly qualities of illicit liquor, as contrasted with the supposedly innocent, even beneficent, anti-Prohibition variety, is one firmly fixed in the public mind, and any chemist who ventures an assertion that actually both are, toxicologically considered, pretty much the same thing, can be tolerably certain that his utterances will be received with more or less contempt.

With the man in the street it is nearly impossible to argue. The news editors do not feel that they have done their duty by their readers if they do not periodically run the usual items warning against this menace. Even a majority of physicians are apparently inclined to accept the statement that there is something violently toxic about bootleg liquor. Prohibition law enforcement officials have made prominent use of this feature as a plea for law observance, thereby actually playing directly into the hands of those who are seeking to abolish Prohibition. That thousands of drinkers are laughing at these claims certainly adds nothing to the effectiveness of such a method.

USE OF DENATURED ALCOHOL.

That both the completely and a few of the specially denatured alcohols are being used without any rectification by a certain class of drinkers cannot be doubted. All of us hear of such cases, and undoubtedly accidents and fatalities resulting from the foolish consumption of such non-beverage compounds do serve to lend much color to the popular theory, although it should be understood that these unrectified compounds are not related to the commercial bootleg industry in any appreciable degree.

For a period prior to 1903 New Hampshire shared with Maine the honor of being one of the original Prohibition States. And one of the effective arguments for securing the repeal of Prohibition was the menace of the poisonous drinks as supposed to have been dispensed by the illicit dives. Yet so far as I have been able to learn no proof of poi-

sonous character was ever established by any analysis.

The amateur scientist who writes for the papers or discourses to the multitudes recognises one form of fermentation and but one only, namely, the alcoholic. Such varieties as the lactic, the butyric or even the acetic are not within his ken. He is pretty apt to be sure that unless this fermentation is carefully controlled, as used to be done in the breweries but obviously cannot be done by the kitchen brewer, wood alcohol or some similar noxious product is liable to be generated.

Typical of the kind of utterances that are being quoted from time to time by the press is a recent one to the effect that the poison rum of the bootlegger "has destroyed the health and cost the lives of uncounted thousands." Yet it cannot be denied that the health or lives of similar thousands were destroyed every year by the same poison prior to Prohibition.

It must be recognised that the only laboratories that are coming in contact with illicit liquor in any volume permitting of the drawing of really authoritative conclusions are those operating in conjunction with the enforcement of the prohibitory laws. And concerning the large number of samples which these laboratories are receiving it must also be recognised that as these represent seizures in connection with prosecutions the establishing of injurious character is really uncalled for. It is safe to say that the bulk of the routine as carried out by most of these laboratories includes no such investigation. It happens, however, that our examinations have been more complete than is usually the case and hence we are in a position to advance some conclusions.

BOOTLEG WARES CLASSIFIED.

For the purpose of this discussion the wares of the bootlegger may be grouped in four general classifications: (1) Fermented products, as typified by "home-brews," wines and cider; (2) "synthetics" and smuggled distilled liquors; (3) grain alcohol, and (4) the product of the illicit distillation of a fermented mash, popularly known as "moonshine."

So far as the home brews are concerned, some of these concoctions may be sufficiently nasty, even to the point of upsetting the digestion, but none can be considered distinctly poisonous, and this class can therefore be eliminated from the present consideration. I am aware that there is a notion that because this fermentation is not controlled by a bacteriologist injurious compounds may result from the action of "mixed growths," etc. To appreciate that there is a good deal of nonsense about this idea let us consider that the home brewer usually purchases from the corner grocery for his use the same variety of yeast cake that is not only used for bread making but is being consumed by the million as a "medicine" or "tonic."

The term "synthetic," as glibly applied to present-day liquors, has a fearsome sound to the average drinker, suggesting to him something poisonous and to be avoided. Prominently mentioned as horrible examples of what we have come to in this Prohibition era are "synthetic" whisky and "synthetic" gin. It would be news to a majority of these

drinkers were they to be told that probably as much as 90 per cent., if not more, of the whisky and gin as sold by the glass over the bar of the common saloon in pre-Prohibition days was "synthetic," either wholly or mostly.

In those days these concoctions masqueraded under the equally euphonious but less terrifying name of "blend"; they were made up artificially from flavoring matter, color, alcohol and water, with perhaps a little—and usually only a little—genuine liquor, added by way of imparting a suggestion of the real thing. Always water was a prominent ingredient, this usually serving to reduce the alcohol content to about 40 per cent., and not infrequently to less than 30 per cent.

My opinion is that, assuming always the alcohol which forms their base is pure, the so-called "synthetics" of to-day are as a class just about as harmless as they were before Prohibition. If they are any more so it can be as well ascribed to a greater average alcohol content.

GRAIN ALCOHOL LARGELY USED.

To-day the larger part of the commercial bootleg product is grain alcohol. While most of this alcohol thus distributed is either smuggled or represents illegal withdrawals from warehouses, yet there is foundation for a belief that a considerable volume of both the completely and the specially denatured alcohol is being diverted from its legitimate purpose to beverage use through redistillation. Of these two sources by far the more serious, so far as possible injurious consequences are concerned, is the completely denatured, inasmuch as it is not possible to remove any substantial amount of the denaturing ingredient by methods open to the ordinary operator.

There has been a good deal said concerning the menace of these redistilled alcohols. I do not question that in some sections of the country the traffic in such may be considerable. But I do know that in New Hampshire there has been no foundation for such a view in the character of the seizures which have come to my attention. Over 90 per cent. of the stronger liquors which we have received during the past three years have represented plain alcohol, either full strength or diluted.

(Continued on page 15).

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THE "PERSONAL LIBERTY" FALLACY.

One function of interpretative journalism is to uphold democratic ideals against the attacks upon ordered liberty of both reactionaries and communists.

When a university president voices a fallacy which, if accepted, would strike at the root of representative government, it may be well to state in refutation the simple facts taught in every university class in political science in regard to the point at issue.

The nation-wide indignation over Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's attack upon the eighteenth amendment of the Constitution does not arise from the fact that he is working for the repeal of a law because in a democracy every citizen has that right. The indignation is because one high in authority as an educator is advocating the acceptance of the liberty of the will as liberty in the true sense of the word. The fact is, of course, that liberty of the will is the license which under the parliamentary system of government is prohibited as the one possible means for safeguarding ordered liberty. The test of any civilisation is its capacity to correct its own abuses. In fact, what most distinguishes a civilised nation from an uncivilised nation is that the civilised nation curtails the liberty of the will of the individual from every act which experience has proved to be inimical to public welfare: the will to murder, to steal, to drug one's self, to override the rights of others, is prohibited in all civilised countries.

Prohibition in a democracy does not mean something imposed by the will of an autocrat or of a governing few. It is a voluntary agreement. In America any statute of national Prohibition represents a voluntary agreement to the extent that before it is made a law the citizens of the individual States reach this voluntary agreement one by one until more than two-thirds of the forty-eight States have adopted it. Every citizen under the American Constitution stands committed to the principle that where such a voluntary agreement is set up by the majority of the voters, he will accept it whether it is agreeable to him personally or not.

In order to maintain true liberty, that is, the liberty which safeguards the provident worker against the improvident, the parliamentary system of government necessarily draws a line between the point where the individual has sovereignty over himself and where his sovereignty must give place to the sovereignty of the State. Under the ordered liberty of any advanced democracy, the individual is given sovereignty or liberty over that part of his life which most directly affects himself, but over that part of his life which most affects society as a whole his personal sovereignty must give place to the welfare of the State.

The strength of a democracy is, of course, made up of the combined strength of the individuals composing it. If the welfare of a democracy is threatened, until the threat is removed the so-called personal liberty of the

individual must give way to the right of the State. Under this principle in times of war, every individual of military age is subject to draft. The history of civilisation has, in fact, proved that in no other way can the ordered liberty, which we call democracy, be maintained. Under the same principle when any product proves itself to be so destructive to the welfare of society, as to endanger public safety, the very fundamental basis of ordered liberty, called democracy, demands that it shall be prohibited by law in order to protect this real liberty which republican government is designed to establish. For generations, in America, it has been recognised that the traffic in intoxicating liquors has lowered the standard of efficiency and production of the State; that a large percentage of the crime and the accidents are due to their use.

Furthermore, under the increasing activity which invention and progress are sure to unfold, there will be more and more reason for the prohibition of intoxicants. As a more active and higher civilisation develops, it is safe to say that the liberty of the individual will demand that whatever becomes a public detriment, whatever lowers the general efficiency, morality, or safety, will be prohibited by law, and such prohibition, so far from being a contender for personal liberty, provides the only possible means by which personal liberty can be safeguarded.

Unquestionably, there are those in the United States of naive stock who prefer license to ordered liberty, but they can scarcely be called Americans, and there are persons who have not set foot on the shores of the United States who are more truly American. Because America is an idea, not a race, the nation has drawn the liberty loving from all parts of the world, and will continue to do so. Even if those who are not willing to accept the restrictions which make for better civilisation and true liberty should leave American shores, preferring to dwell in countries where license in respect to intoxicants is the rule, America will go on developing and calling, more and more, to those who believe in ordered liberty sufficiently to be willing to curb their appetites and to deny themselves anything and everything which proves to be contrary or harmful to the public good.

It is safe to say that the eighteenth amendment will raise the standard of moral excellence of the United States, and so greatly add to the efficiency and productive power of the nation that other countries will be forced to Prohibition if they hope to keep pace with America. The enforcement of this law will serve to educate the American people into a better understanding of law and order itself and of fundamental democracy which will enable them to distinguish between liberty and license.—"The International Interpreter," May 24, 1924.

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Something else if you pay big fees for your dental work.

MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

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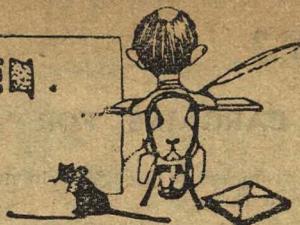
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UNCLE B.'s PAGE.



All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

Folk generally quote the familiar saying, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But we aren't roses.

A name has a lot of significance, and was originally given because of some ability, peculiarity or incident.

If you have a good name live up to it.

If you have one that is not specially nice, live so that you will hand it down a symbol of niceness.

Did you ever wonder why you call the cat Pussy? Thousands of years ago the people of Egypt, who made idols, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more bright at night, and because her eyes changed as the moon changes, being sometimes full and sometimes only a bright crescent. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they changed? So these people made an idol with the cat's head, and named it Pasht—the word they gave the moon, for the word means face of the moon. The word has changed to "pas" and "puss," the name which almost everyone now gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names everywhere. Whoever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago when people bowed down and prayed to her?

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A LONG JOURNEY.

Violet Thorn, North Dandalup, W.A., writes: Please forgive me for being a scallywag, but we have been away on a holiday to Broken Hill and Adelaide. We went over by train, leaving Perth at 9 p.m. and arriving at Kalgoorlie at midday on June 15. All Monday there was nothing but saltbush and bluebush to be seen, but on Tuesday we arrived at Port Augusta at 6 a.m. Tuesday we travelled through some of the best scenery of South Australia. Peterborough was reached at 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. At Peterborough we had to wait till midnight for the Broken Hill express, which reached its destination on Wednesday morning. We spent five weeks in Broken Hill and ten days in Adelaide, and enjoyed ourselves very much.

(Dear Violet,—I will never forget my first trip to Broken Hill. I had an experience of

a real dust storm; it was something to remember all my life. Next time I go I will go in the winter.—Uncle B.)

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL.

Connie Thorn, "Thorndale," North Dandalup, W.A., writes: It is such a long time since I wrote to you that I know I must be on the black list. Please, will you cross me off? We have been on a holiday since I last wrote. We were away two months. We spent most of the time in N.S.W., at Broken Hill, and the rest was spent in Adelaide. We went over by train and returned by boat. The name of the boat was the Karoola. Have you ever been across the Trans line, Uncle? It is lovely. After you pass Kalgoorlie there is nothing to see for miles but saltbush. This salt plain is called by the natives the Nullarbor Plain, which is so named because it is treeless. The railway runs without a curve for 300 miles, which they say is probably the world's record for a "straight." In all its length of over 1051 miles the line does not cross a single permanent stream of water. Some of the little places where they stop to get water are named after prominent men, i.e., Cook, Hughes, Forrest and Kitchener.

(Dear Connie,—Your letter is most interesting. I have twice been over the "Trans" line, and have already taken my ticket for a third trip. It is a long journey, and usually very hot and dusty and not a bit more interesting than a sea trip as far as sight-seeing goes.—Uncle B.)

MAKING A GOOD USE OF TIME.

Jean Kirton, C/o. Trotter's Mail Bag, Wingham, writes: I think I will write again as I have nothing much to do. My brother killed a big snake while he was brushing the other day. It was about five feet three inches long. A disease is going around among the dogs. One of the dogs (which was mine) died with it, and another one is nearly dead. I went to the doctor last month and he said I have a touch of St. Vitus' dance, and I can't go to school for two or three months. All the fruit trees are coming into blossom, and they look very pretty. There are a few rabbits coming in on most of the farms now. My father nearly hit one on the head with a brush-hook as he was brushing, but it ran away. Well, Uncle, I will have to close now, as I am getting sleepy. So good-bye for this time.

(Dear Jean,—I greatly appreciate your writing to me and so making the most of the time when you had nothing much to do. You could not make a much better use of your spare time. You do not know how many thousands may read your letter, and

in what different parts of the world it may go to.—Uncle B.)

OFF THAT LIST.

Ella Henry, "Bona Vista," Bolong, via Nowra, writes: It is a long time since I wrote to you, and I know I am on the scallywag list. Please cross my name off, and I will try and write to you oftener. I go to Nowra district school and am in seventh class. We learn dressmaking, French, algebra, geometry, arithmetic, mensuration, English, poetry, geography, history and commercial subjects or Latin. I like going to the school. We have been having nice weather here lately. It is just like spring. The flowers are coming out now, too, and are making the gardens look nice.

(Dear Ella,—I am always glad to hear that my scallywags are uncomfortable about being on my black list, and that conscience is my friend and keeps nagging away until you write, and then off that list you come.—Uncle B.)

A PERTH NE.

Bob Butler, Perth, W.A., writes: I wonder if you would like to hear of my trip from Sydney to Perth by the T.S.S. Karoola? We left Sydney on July 26 and did not arrive in Fremantle until August 6. My word, I was seasick; so were all the rest of the family, except poor old Dad, who had to nurse us all. We went ashore at Melbourne and I didn't think much of that city. We also visited Adelaide, and I enjoyed my stay there. There were ever so many people on the wharf to meet us. Mr. Robert Baird, a very nice man, drove us from Fremantle to Perth in his car. The first few days in Perth were wet and cold, but now the weather is beautiful. I think I will like being in West Australia. We are all looking forward to your visit in September, and I hope Dad lets me meet you at the station. When I know more about Perth I shall write a longer letter.

(Dear Bob,—Your letter is fine for a start, and we will all look forward to the longer letter you have promised. Fancy it being cold in Perth! Each time I have been there it was so hot that it made my roof leak.—Uncle B.)

A LONG HOLIDAY.

Gladys Thorn, North Dandalup, W.A., writes: We have just come home from our holidays, and so we are very busy. We were away two months and had a good time. Daphne is so funny; she is three years old. One of our cows has a calf; it is brown and white. We had lovely weather for travelling. One of our cows died while we were away. We had three cats, but one died and the other two went away while we were on our holidays, but we have another cat now.

(Dear Gladys,—Two months seems a long holiday to a chap like myself who is thankful when he can get an evening off. This issue will be mostly made up of letters from W.A., and that is fine.—Uncle B.)

WHO'LL BUY ?

GREAT WHITE FAIR FANCIES.—BARGAINS FOR ALL.

Reprinted from "Daily Telegraph."

Who'll buy? Who'll buy? "Pinnies," "petties," kimonos, frocks, and what not, are being whirled into being, dozens a day, on the top floor of Wentworth Court, in readiness for the great white fair to be held at the Town Hall on December 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Two rooms have been hired, in one of which sits Miss Preston Stanley, organiser of the fair—which, by the way, is to give the cause of Prohibition a help—cudgelling her brains for new and profitable ideas, while in the second room, earnest women, the whir of a dozen or more sewing machines, and stacks of wonderfully finished garments tell a tale of industry. Articles are made stock size or to order, and are always on sale.

EARNEST HELPERS.

So earnest are some of the helpers that they contribute material in the first place; make it up in the second; buy it when it is made up in the third; and if there is a gift afternoon will probably bring it along for that in the fourth; and, lastly, may even buy it back again if it is not sold otherwise. For Prohibition is a cause about which many women feel very keenly, and great are their sacrifices to help the movement.

CHEAP, BUT GOOD VALUE.

Prices for the garments are ridiculously low. Children's pinafores are going from 1/11 to 4/6 (nursery rhymes and all); rompers are bringing from 2/11 to 5/6; children's kimonos, in all shades of cotton crepe, are being put out for 3/11 to 6/11; women's nighties in floral crepon, nicely finished with hemstitching, are being made for 7/6; and princess slips in all shades of Fuji de luxe are going for 21/-. Pyjamas range in

price from 7/6 to 37/6, and in material from crepe to Fuji.

A line of schoolgirls' white jumpers in pique, laced in the front, should appeal to any mother, and are being disposed of at 5/11. White palm beach bloomers for girls are going at 2/6, likewise navy blue cambric ones. An especially nice line of little girls' check gingham frocks is going for 3/6, some at 10/6 having bloomers to match. In addition, there are market bags at 4/6, towels 2/3, pillow slips 1/9, cushions, lampshades at a guinea, and a host of other good things.

All the labor is voluntary, and all the materials are donated so that the ideal of £3000 being raised should be realised.

NOVEL QUEEN COMPETITION.

One very novel idea which should prove highly popular is a Statewide queen competition. If this is won by an adult woman, that woman will be given a glorious week in Sydney; all expenses paid, and a complete trousseau of sets of three garments. If a child wins it, then mother and child will be treated to the trousseau and the holiday.

PRIZES FOR DRESSED DOLLS.

A doll competition is another feature, and for this Mrs. B. E. Binns and Miss Stephenson, of J. C. Williamson, Ltd., will be the judges. The competition opens on September 15, and closes on November 21. Monetary prizes will be offered.

All the suburbs are arranging subsidiary fairs, and Mrs. Mark Foy shortly will hold a Continental at her home in Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. Phillip Moses is giving an afternoon at "Denver," Bondi, next Thursday, to gather in more funds.

WHIRLPOOLS OF BEER.

THE QUEBEC PLAN INCREASES DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.

By A. B. MACDONALD, in "The Ladies' Home Journal."

(Continued from issue, September 11.)

I was mystified until the editor of a Montreal paper, turning the pages of the printed report of welfare work in 1922, said: "You see where the wet Government of Quebec contributed 12,500 dollars of its beer profits to the support of those welfare agencies; and you see here where other amounts were given by breweries, and that the women members of rich brewing families are on the governing board of those welfare agencies. That is why they must put the soft pedal on any criticism of beer. It's the hush-up policy again."

Owen Dawson, for seven years clerk of the juvenile court, for fourteen years Secretary-Treasurer of the Boys' Farm and Training School, and founder of a boys' club in a poor quarter of the city, made this assertion to me: "I have seen fifteen thousand boys pass through the juvenile court, and drink was the cause of nine-tenths of it."

I went to Florian-street, in Montreal, to see a typical block of apartment houses where families of workmen live. In the

centre of the block was a "groceries and beer" store, its windows filled with beer, and beer signs protruding over the sidewalks. Across the street a woman and two girls—I guessed they were mother and daughters—were sitting in the shade of a stairway, drinking beer from bottles. A woman worker for a church mission, who lived in the block, in answer to my inquiry if there was much drinking, said: "That store sells more beer than groceries. The Government preaches to them that beer is good. Wherever they turn they see signs telling them that beer gives strength and vigor to women and children. They drink it as a beverage and they give it to their babies instead of milk."

THE BREWERS IN CONTROL.

One of the arguments of the wets in Quebec four years ago, as it is an argument of the wets in the United States now, was: "Give us wine and beer, with Government control, and that will take the liquor business out of politics." How this has worked

out was shown in the Quebec Parliament recently, when Brigadier-General C. A. Smart charged that the Government, through its liquor commission, had made the liquor business the channel of raising revenue to build up its political machine; that saloon licenses had been issued, through favoritism, to political henchmen of the Government; and Mr. Sauve, leader of the Opposition, charged that the Liberal Party was able to perpetuate itself in power because it had the brewers at its back.

"Why doesn't the Liquor Commission sell beer, as it sells wines and liquors, taking all the profit instead of taking only 5 per cent. profit from the brewers?" I asked the editor of a newspaper in Quebec City.

"Because it wants the political support and big campaign fund the brewers must give," was the answer. "The Government of Quebec is a beer Government, a political machine built upon beer; and, in fact, the liquor business in Quebec is controlled, not

(Continued on page 16.)

LADIES—

The Beautifully Illustrated

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Ask your Grocer or Storekeeper.

TO PARENTS.

Have you realised the importance of instructing your children in matters of sex which every child has a right to know in a clean, wholesome manner? If you want help write to us for some of our penny booklets, and send one shilling in postal note or stamps, with your full address. We can supply booklets for Parents, Boys, Girls, Youths and Maidens. You will never miss a shilling so spent, and your children in years to come will thank you heartily. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has been using them for past 24 years.

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AND THEY ALL SMILED.

S-SH!

Doctor: "My friend, you are suffering from a chronic complaint."

Patient: "I know it, but please, lower your voice; she's in the next room."

THE ONE TO TAKE HIM.

Dub: "I'm going to marry a girl who can take a joke."

Kay: "Don't worry; that's the only kind of a girl you'll get."

NOT HIS FAULT.

Mistress: "Mary, your young man has such an air of braggadocio about him."

Mary: "Yis, pore lad, he worruks in a livery stable."

HIS REPLY.

"John," asked the lawyer's wife, who had recently taken up the health culture fad, "is it better to lie on the right side or the left side?"

"My dear," replied the legal luminary, "if one is on the right side it usually isn't necessary to lie at all."

THE EASIEST WAY.

"Your boy Josh says he's going to town to seek employment."

"Yep," answered Farmer Corntossel, "I don't blame him. Everybody feels occasionally like gittin' away an' lookin' for work 'stid o' stayin' where he knows it'll be waitin' fur him regular."

Take time at railroad crossing—or take eternity.

Uncle Sam believes in the open door, but insists that they shake themselves dry before coming in.

EX-ACTLY.

Sam: "What am you doin' now?"

Bo: "I'se an exporter."

Sam: "An exporter?"

Bo: "Yep, the Pullman Company just fired me."

THE WEEPY PART.

Professor (explaining the results obtained from the inflection of the voice): "Did I ever tell you the story of the actor who could read a menu so as to make his audience weep?"

Student (strangely moved): "He must have read the prices."

HIS CLASS.

A group of negroes were at the terminal station Sunday morning, telling a few departing brethren good-bye. A trainman noticed one negro looking on nonchalantly, and inquired: "John, are you going north?"

"No, sir," said the negro addressed. "I'se a class B nigger."

"What do you mean by class B nigger?" asked the trainman.

"Well," said Sam, "I B's here when dey leave, and I B's here when dey come back."

Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen is a picture!

However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?



Yes, ma'am, it do look nice but it's very little trouble when you use PEARSON'S SAND SOAP

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COMING TO THE POINT.

Park Orator: "Now would anyone like to ask a question?"

Small Boy: "How much will yer take for the box ye're standin' on? We want ter make a rabbit hutch."

HOME TREATMENT.

Mrs. Jiggins, who was reading a newspaper, observed to her husband that the journal contained an article entitled "Women's Work for the Feeble-minded."

Now, Mr. Jiggins was in a reactionary mood. So he grunted and said: "I should like to know what women have ever done for the feeble-minded."

"They usually marry them, my dear," replied Mrs. Jiggins sweetly.

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"Wait patiently for Him."—Ps., 37, 7.
"He careth."—1 Pet., 5, 7. "He knoweth."—
Job, 23, 17. "He seeth."—Gen., 16, 10.

"He careth," wherefore shouldst thou worry?
His time is always best.
He that believeth shall not hurry—
Wait patiently and rest.
No need to fret, or plan, or scheme,
All works for good which now doth adverse
seem.

"He knoweth." Yes, each care depressing
Which so disturbs your peace;
And every bane shall change to blessing
When you from striving cease.
All shall be plain now dark and dim—
Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him.

"He seeth" all that thou art needing;
No cry can be unheard.
Your faintest whisper He is heeding,
He cannot break His word.
E'en as your cry to Him ascends
He hastes to help and to your wants at-
tends.

He knoweth, seeth, careth ever.
Trust in His power alone.
Though other refuge fail, He never
Fails or forsakes His own.
Better than all thy faithless fears
Has He not been to thee through bygone
years?
And think you He will be less faithful now?
Just leave to Him the why and when and
how.

MONDAY.

"He that believeth shall not make haste."
—Isa., 28, 16.

One of the hardest lessons in the Christian
life is to learn to wait. We sow the seed,
and like little children we want to pull it up
to see if it is sprouting. It needs strong faith
to wait in patience when no signs are visible.
We pray, and no answer comes. We toil all
night and catch nothing. We work, and
all seems apparently in vain. Then is the
time for testing faith. It is the man who
holds on who obtains. The woman to whose
urgent request Jesus answered not a word,
was rewarded in the end for her faith and
patience when Jesus said, "O woman, great
is thy faith, be it unto thee **even as thou wilt.**"
And her daughter was made whole from
that very hour. Had she gone away dis-
couraged at the first seeming repulse, had
her faith failed to stand the test, she would
have gained no blessing. Faith is more pre-
cious than gold in the sight of God. All else
is valueless without it.

TUESDAY.

"He answered her not a word."—Matt.,
15, 28.

I ask. In vain seems all my pleading;
I pray, and yet my prayer seems all un-
heard.
Surely He knows the thing that I am need-
ing,
And yet He answers not a single word.
Perchance to try thy faith He waiteth,
That thou may'st cry more earnestly to
Him.
His patience wearieth not, nor love abateth,
Though thy weak faith through doubt is
often dim.
He waiteth to be gracious, for He loveth
To be entreated for the thing we crave,
By this to thee His tender love He showeth,
More frequent intercourse He fain would
have.

Press closer to Him; let not patience waver;
The trying of your faith more precious far
Than gold which thou couldst bring to gain
His favor;

For want of faith the richest gift will mar.
His time is best. Canst thou not stand the
testing?

Leave to His wisdom all now dim to thee.
Wait patiently for Him, and in Him resting,
They heart's desire fulfilled thou yet shalt
see.

WEDNESDAY.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise
cast out."—John, 6, 37.

There must be a definite coming in order
to realise the full truth of this text. Have
YOU come to Christ? Well, that is not the
question it is quite polite to ask nowadays.
Is seems almost as rude and impertinent as
to say, "Have you washed this morning?"
But deep down in each heart there is a
wonder whether we have come in the right
way to secure salvation. Jesus does not
say, "Him that cometh in a certain way I
will in no wise cast out." "Him that
cometh." Faith is so simple a matter that
there is a liability to confuse it by explan-
ation. We have to just come, that is all.
When teaching my baby to walk he would
get hold of everything by the way to sup-
port himself. He wanted to come when I
held out my arms to him, but began looking
around to see what could help him instead
of just trusting. At last I removed all the
obstacles out of the way, and held out a
piece of bread to him. He saw only the
food and forgot everything else, and safely
walked alone to reach it. So Christ offers
the bread of life, and we put things in the
way to lean upon instead of just coming
straight to Him for His gift.

"Look away to Jesus, look away from all,
Then we shall not stumble, then we need not
fall."

The Israelite when bitten by the serpent
had to do nothing but just LOOK UP to the
symbol of the Cross. "As Moses lifted up
the serpent in the wilderness **EVEN SO** must
the Son of man be lifted up that **WHOSO-**
EVER believeth in **HIM** should not perish,
but **HAVE** everlasting life." Just trust in
Him as thou wouldst trust—

A rope flung out to sea.
If thou wert sinking, wouldst thou thrust
That rope away from thee?
Just fling all other props away,
And venture on His aid,
Thou'lt find His arm sufficient stay,
And need not be afraid.
If you have never come before, or are not
quite sure of it, you can come to-day. We
must be always coming, even the best Chris-
tians.

THURSDAY.

"Thou art my servant, I have chosen Thee,
and not cast Thee away."—Isa., 41, 9.

Then why shouldst thou despond? Why
longer doubt?
He saith, "Who cometh, I will not cast out."
And thou hast come, hast asked Him to
receive.
His word is true, "Ask, and ye shall receive."
"Thou art My servant," thus He speaks to
thee;
Wilt thou say, "Nay, He doth not speak to
me?"
Yet 'tis thyself He means, the very one
Who doubts that it is true what He hath
done.

Thyself, none other, wilt thou turn away
From that fond gaze now fixed on thee to-
day.

While thus He speaks—"Thou art My ser-
vant now,
I saw thee lowly at My footstool bow;

"I heard thy prayer, and have accepted thee,
Have pardoned all, and given salvation free.
Thou hast it, wherefore doubt it, wherefore
fear

That I have cast thee from Me?—thou art
dear;

"Doubt not, I have not cast thy soul away,
Though thou hast grieved My Spirit many
a day.

Yet have I chosen thee, and thou art Mine,
My love, my riches, all I have is thine.

"How canst thou doubt then, that I heard
thy prayer?

How canst thou think for thee I do not care?
Thou art My servant; I have chosen Thee;
Go forth to serve Me, for thy soul is free."
—From "Soul Rest."

FRIDAY.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but
be of good cheer, I have overcome the
world."

It often seems as if no sooner does one
decide to live the Christian life, than all
the forces of evil begin to conspire against
one. Satan seems then to try and do his worst.
When this is so, it ought to be a convincing
proof that we are on the right track, and
give us hope that we may at last join the
number "who have come out of great tribu-
lation, and have washed their robes and
made them white in the blood of the lamb."
Let us beware when he lets us alone, when
all men speak well of us, and we are "at
ease in Zion." It is probably because he is
sure of us, he can afford to leave us to our-
selves; but when temptations beset us be-
fore and behind, when we find the battle
fierce, we may know we are on the side of
truth and right, and if we only persevere
shall come off more than conquerors through
Him who hath loved us and trodden this path
before.

SATURDAY.

"Lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou
wast called, and hast professed a good pro-
fession before many witnesses."—1 Tim.,
6, 12.

And must I fight the demon Sin,
And victory over Satan win?
Fight him, the strongest of the strong,
The source of all in this world wrong?
I am too weak for such a fight,
I have no power, I have no might.
Alas! the warfare is too great,
I never can these ills abate.

Dread not thy foes, I am thy shield
To guard thee on the battle field.
With Me as Captain, none can fail.
Thou shalt o'er every foe prevail.
A crown of glory waits for thee.
Look up! look on! the victors see.
Soon shalt thou join that blood-washed
throng,
And sing the glad new triumph song.

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Good and Bad Liquor—

(Continued from page 9.)

In all instances our tests have been such that any appreciable amount of denaturants—enough to be seriously detrimental to health—would not escape notice. It is a significant fact that of the many hundred alcohols which we have examined just two only have shown the presence of wood alcohol, one to the extent of about 3 per cent., the other having less than 1 per cent. Otherwise, all of our samples have apparently represented alcohol of potable character.

But the principal charge in support of the view that Prohibition liquors are poisonous in a special sense has been brought against the product known as "moonshine." I am convinced that there is nothing in the idea advanced that metallic contaminations are responsible for acute toxic manifestations resulting from the drinking of this kind of liquor. Most of us are consuming every day in our foods such an amount of copper as would serve to impart a distinct bluish-green tint to a pint of moonshine, and as for zinc, hundreds of our well and spring waters carry as much or more, taken up from galvanised pipes.

Also the fusel oil theory as at first advanced has had to be abandoned as being obviously untenable. Just now the onus is being placed upon a compound known as acetaldehyde, which is a product representing a sort of half-way station in the transformation of alcohol to acid by oxidation. Briefly, the argument is that moonshine is not aged, and that in distilling the present-day moonshiner does not discard the "heads" and "tails" presumed to contain, respectively, much of the acetaldehyde and fusel oil.

WHAT MOONSHINE ANALYSIS SHOWS.

As to the details of analysis, it will be sufficient to say here that these have demonstrated in the first place that moonshine consists to the extent of about 99.9 per cent. of alcohol, water and fusel oil; in the second place the amount of fusel oil is no greater than is present in a fully aged whisky; and in the third place, while there is now and then an exception, the amount of aldehyde also does not differ in any really substantial way from that which is present in a bottled-in-bond liquor.

It may be interesting to know in this connection that results of an elaborate investigation have conclusively demonstrated that in the ageing of liquors such as is carried-out in a bonded warehouse, the amount of fusel oil, instead of diminishing, actually increases (due to alcoholic evaporation) during the storage period. Likewise the aldehyde also increases to an even greater extent, but in this case the increase is a real one, resulting from chemical changes.

How, then, can aging serve to render moonshine or any other liquor less toxic? Chemists are beginning to express the belief that it doesn't, that all that actually happens is merely improvement in flavor and aroma. Certainly, beyond any question, the poison is still there.

One theory, as recently advanced in support of the acetaldehyde argument, is that during storage the form of this compound undergoes a transformation (polymerisation) into a less toxic form (paraldehyde). This is plausible and interesting, but its truth remains to be proved.

ALCOHOL CLASSIFIED AS POISON.

Anyway, how can we with any sort of logic argue that this aldehyde compound is actually to be held responsible for toxic effects in the face of the association with it of more than a thousand times as much of another poison—alcohol? For, if we consult any of the works on toxicology we will find that common alcohol is classified by every one of these as a poison, along with arsenic and mercury and strychnine. Like



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these other substances, small amounts of alcohol, consumed in moderation, may be not only harmless, but under some circumstances may be beneficial. The point is that in moonshine and in alcohol "splits" the amount of alcohol ingested is not relatively small, nor can it be properly said that those who are now showing toxic manifestations are drinking these things in moderation.

It is suggested that the two factors chiefly responsible for the bad manifestations of alcoholism which are being reported are: (1) Over-indulgence, due largely to irregularity of supply, and (2) the drinking of alcohol of excessively high concentration as compared to ante-Prohibition conditions. It should be added, from the physician's standpoint, that the securing of any really accurate history of the case prior to coming under observation is usually a very difficult matter.

It is perhaps inevitable that, having endeavored merely to point out what I am satisfied are fallacious notions, with only the advancement of scientific truth as my purpose and with no thought of touching the ethical aspects of the controversy, I should be accused on the one hand of arguing against repeal and on the other of having sought to knock out one of the strong props of enforcement. My reply to the latter would be that while I am in the fullest sympathy with the application of every honest means of enforcement, I cannot subscribe to the argument that, right or wrong, we should seek to perpetuate a fallacy because of its possible value as a deterrent.

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Whirlpools of Beer—

(Continued from page 12.)

by the Government, but by the brewers, and the brewers control the Government, too, just as the brewers of the United States would control its Government if you legalise the sale of beer there."

Premier Taschereau has said in many political speeches: "Never has a liquor law been respected as well as the present law. It represents the will of the people of Quebec. You can have no other law that will work."

While I was in Quebec all the temperance forces of the province were coming together in one big organisation to fight it. The Protestant Church organisations of the province had denounced the law and Government control in resolutions. When this law was put through Parliament without a vote of the people upon it, 1097 municipalities in the province were dry, under local option, and only ninety were wet, and those were the large towns. All of rural Quebec was dry then and is dry to-day. Quebec has a population of 2,361,199, and there are 100 city and town dwellers for each 106 country people. Nine-tenths of the counties are agricultural, and they are dry. The liquor law provides that no store for the sale of alcohol or wine or beer may be opened in a municipality which is opposed to it, and Premier Taschereau promised that no liquor or beer stores should be put where the people did not want them. Technically, this part of the law is well observed; but the brewers are continually fighting to get into dry communities. They have plenty of money with which to carry on campaigns to hire wet orators, while the temperance forces are always short of funds and found that this was one of the vicious phases of a law that permits bad drinking; that the brewers work persistently to overcome temperance sentiment and to plant their beer saloons in places that have been dry for years.

A Catholic priest who had worked hard and long to keep beer out of Levis, but had been beaten at last by the brewers, said: "Did you ever wake up at night and hear a rat gnawing somewhere in the dark behind a wall where you could not get at him? Well, that is the way the brewers work to get in, always gnawing down the opposition; always working, even in the dark, while you are asleep. Their funds never run out. Their list of orators is endless, their money will hire the best, and will subsidise newspapers, too. The Government, with all its power and influence, is behind them, and they succeed too often in breaking down

opposition. If the brewers fail in one fight to plant saloons in a town, they fight again and again. Like the besiegers of a city, they keep battering at the walls until they fail."

In the town of Wakefield, Quebec, the brewers fought bitterly last summer to put in saloons, but they were beaten by a vote of 102 to 10, and the town remained dry. In Chicoutimi there was another hard fight, but it continued dry. In the rural districts the people are nearly all opposed to the law. A village priest, in denouncing it recently, said: "It is the most immoral, unpatriotic, unethical, unchristian and undemocratic law I know of."

"The majority of our women hate and detest the Quebec liquor law, but we have no vote," said Mrs. Geggie, President of the W.C.T.U., to me. "The unrestricted use of

beer has increased drinking and drunkenness in Quebec.

"Beer has debauched our politics and our Government, as it would yours. The brewers are in the saddle here. One of the worst features of their reign is the way they force their beer upon us through advertising. Go where you may in Quebec, you cannot escape the suggestion that beer is the one best thing in the world to lift you up, to build you up, to give health, strength, youthful vigor; that beer is a tonic, that it will cure all ailments and worries. From this ever-present advertising the children of Quebec are learning, as one of their first lessons, that alcohol is good for them; that if they drink it they will grow up to be strong and lusty and forceful men and women. You are free from that in the United States now."

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